ADVICE

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TO THE

LADIES.

A POEM:

WITH AN

ELEGIAC COMPLAINT

On the Death of

The Inimitable ALEXANDER POPE *Esq.*

By a NORFOLK GENTLEMAN.

Felices ter, et amplius,
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus Querimoniis
Suprema citius solvet amor die.

Hor. l. O. 13. 17.

A virtuous Woman is the greatest Prize;
A bad, the greatest Curse beneath the Skies.

Tran.

LONDON,
Printed for M. COOPER at the Globe in *Pater-Noster-Row*; and sold by the Booksellers in Town and Country.
MDCCXLV.
[Price One Shilling.]

A D V I C E

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for M. Cooper at the [illegible] Ave-Mary-Lane, and Sold by the [illegible]

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ADVICE TO THE LADIES.

ON *Twit'nham's* Banks the Nine now penſive ſit
Mourning the death of Virtue, Fame, and Wit;
Upon their Hands their drooping Heads recline,
While Heart-felt Sighs afflicting Sorrow join:
The paſſing Winds the mournful Tidings ſpread,
As far as Science rears its laurel'd Head:
Thames' ſilver Stream flows with a plaintive Moan,
Waves roll on Waves, and breath a gen'ral Groan:
The Nymphs, and Sea Gods, as they glide along,
No more are charm'd with POPE's all heav'nly Song;

A briney Torrent iſſues from their Eyes,
'Till the ſwoln Tides with higher Currents riſe:
Apollo's Self deſcending from above,
Thoſe ever bliſsful Courts of awful *Jove*,
Hover'd o'er *Twit'nham* with parental Care,
To ſooth their Sorrow, and prevent Deſpair;
With Looks divinely mild, ſerenely great,
At once to cheer, and wail their hapleſs Fate.

" Ceaſe, Daughters, ceaſe this vaſt exceſs of Grief;
" Tho' juſt the Cauſe, fain would I give Relief:
" The great, immortal POPE all muſt deplore,
" Whoſe Ethics juſt to heav'nly Manſions ſoar;
" Where Gods themſelves admir'd his wond'rous Art,
" That thro' the Paſſions could ſo touch the Heart.
" We form'd his Soul with Genius, Wit, and Senſe,
" With all the nobleſt Gifts we could diſpenſe;

" But

" But he ſuperior to our Bounty roſe,
" His Life and Works unequal'd Charms diſcloſe:
" Grav'd in eternal Adamant, his Name
" Shall foremoſt ſhine in the juſt Roll of Fame;
" Shall with great HOMER ſhare that awful Throne
" Which, near Three thouſand Years, he fill'd alone,
" Each mov'd the canker'd Envy of an Age,
" *Zoilus* was ſtung with HOMER's nervous Page,
" In this, a * *Dennis*, *Curl*, and *Cibber* rage:
" Such ought to grieve, who vilely did abuſe
" † His Father, Mother, Body, Soul, and Muſe;
" For, all muſt own, we juſtly did inſpire
" His gen'rous Soul with Virtue's noblest Fire:
" Come, leave this ſad, tho' late your lov'd Retreat,
" Since he's no more who made it truly Great;

* See the Appendix to the old *Dunciad*.
† *Pope*'s Epiſtle to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, ℣ 381.

" Rejoin your Manſions midſt the bleſt above,
" Th'unvarying Scene of Harmony and Love".
Alas! what Strains, what Language can I uſe
To charm from bleſt Abodes a heav'nly Muſe?
My infant Thoughts but now eſſay to rhyme,
Yet would with Ardour great *Parnaſſus* climb.
O deign, *Calliope*, with myſtic Pow'r,
Thy tuneful Influ'nce o'er my Head to ſhow'r:
Should'ſt thou delight a paſt'ral Scene to view,
Thou'lt find it here inviting, gay, and new;
In Hills, and Dales, and Woods, and flow'ry Fields,
Nature choice Bleſſings with Profuſion yields.
Here Gardens riſe, where Art and Nature vye,
Regale each Senſe, and feaſt the raviſh'd Eye,
Here *Flora's* Sons their annual Homage pay,
And faireſt Flow'rs, with wondrous Art diſplay.
Much fam'd * *Phæacia*, where *Alcinous'* Sway
With ſprightly Mirth crown'd ev'ry jovial Day,

* See *Homer's Odyſſey*.

Eternal

Eternal Blooms in HOMER's deathleſs Song;
Yet Charms, like ours, did ne'er to that belong.
Here wantonly the *Yare tranſlucent plays:
Or gliding gently, in *Meanders* ſtrays:
On either ſide Meads ſparkling, gay by bright,
Strike with re-doubled Force the raviſh'd ſight:
Heav'n's choiceſt Bleſſings crown the fertile Soil;
Nor does it want th'o'erflowing of the *Nile*,
With Plenty to reward the Peaſant's Toil.
Engaging Joys on the ſmooth Stream we ſhare;
There Muſic's found enchants the raviſh'd Ear;
Muſick, re-echo'd by the diſtant Hills,
The ambient Air with circling Pleaſure fills:
While the wing'd Songſters ſtrain their warbling Throats,
Striving to vye with our melodious Notes.

* A pleaſant River, running with various Windings through a great Part of *Norfolk*; navigable from *Norwich* to *Yarmouth*, where it falls into the Sea.

Or could a ſpacious * Town employ thy care,
You well might then a tuneful *Dunciad* rear;
Concanens, † *Tibbalds*, there might fill each ſpace,
And juſteſt Satire ev'ry Line would grace:
There Dunce to Dunce, in endleſs Numbers, riſe,
And real Merit, wealthy Fools deſpiſe.

But if in Virtue's Cauſe you deign to ſing,
And waft its Praiſes on Fame's radiant Wing;
Teach me t'inſtruct that Sex, whom Heav'n deſign'd
As the great ſource of Bliſs to human Kind;
To trace the Cauſe whence ſome to Ruin run,
And midſt Life's Storms are ſhipwreckt, and undone,
Then point a Path thoſe dang'rous Rocks to ſhun.
For this great Theme, I now thy Aid implore:
For this I proſtrate all the Nine adore.

* *Norwich.*
† See the *Dunciad.*

Be kind, ye Fair, protect my trembling Song,
Favour'd by you I ſcorn the ſnarling Throng:
Let Wits, who * *Peter* write, ſoar high with Fame,
And gain by airy Flights a Poet's Name;
No mean Reflections ſhall debaſe my Lays;
No Stings from Malice; no fond Hopes of Praiſe:
I aſk no more than modeſt Senſe to ſhare;
Nor have a View but to adviſe the Fair.
And as Examples, before Precepts, move,
As living Monitors the moſt improve;
To the bright MARCIA turn your wond'ring Eyes,
Whoſe riſing Virtues emulate the Skies:
Make her the Standard all your Deeds to prove,
In Virtue, Juſtice, Honour, Friendſhip, Love.
A juſt Beneficence her Conduct ſways,
O'er all diffuſes noble, cheering Rays;

* *Peter*, a Tale lately publiſh'd.

VIRTUE ſpontaneous ſprings within her Breaſt;
In ev'ry Act the Goddeſs ſtands confeſt:
Not ſternly dreſt, in Prude's ill-natur'd Form,
But all ingaging with an innate Charm.
Her Mind's more gentle than a Summer's Morn,
When Sol's bright Rays firſt gild the ſpangled Lawn;
Or when mild Zephyrs, in the Ev'ning breeze,
Soft preſs the Air, and dye upon the Trees:
Good to communicate her Soul deſires;
A ſweet Benevolence each Thought inſpires:
Others, with Grief, ſhe ſees o'erwhelm'd with Cares,
And yields the melting Tribute of her Tears;—
But if Relief appears within her Pow'r,
She juſtly uſes the propitious Hour:
A lib'ral Plenty ſmiling waits her State,
And all around is hoſpitably Great;
No ſtrain'd Magnificence, no tow'ring Pride,
No outſide Grandeur ſordid Act to hide:

Debaſe her Soul; ſhe ſcorns ſo mean a Part,
Both ſpeaks and acts the Dictates of her Heart.
Where-e'er ſhe rules, ſo juſtly mild's her Sway,
Her Servants love, and from that Source obey:
No dire Contention, no domeſtic Strife,
No baneful Diſcord, the worſt Plagues of Life,
Diſturb her candid Soul's ſerene Repoſe;
Such riſing Storms her lenient Arts compoſe;
But Ills there are all variouſly muſt ſhare,
Not white-rob'd VIRTUE can her Vot'ries ſpare;
But tho' from other Joys the Soul's debar'd,
That, *That* alone is ſtill its own Reward.

When baſe Detraction would in private wound,
And waft dire Scandal artfully around,
Impartial Juſtice ſhe to all divides;
In ev'ry Conteſt with the injur'd ſides:

Scandal, that Spawn of Fraud, Deceit, and Lies,
Oft-times on Envy's Wing ſecurely flies:
Frequent the Imp, by Pride and Malice bred,
In a fair Lady's Form, firſt rears its Head;
With half form'd Sentences, and artful Smiles,
Th'unwary Hearers fraudfully beguiles;
And, paſſing quick, new Infamies abound,
The baneful Tale's increas'd by whirling round;
But when ſuch Rumours reach bright MARCIA's Ear,
She thinks with Candour, and believes with Care.

HONOUR in her is not that dazzling Fire
Which gay Coquets, or gaudy Fops admire;
To have Preheminence at Play, or Ball,
To flaunt with Lace the foremoſt in the Hall;
Or with thoſe haughty Airs vain Pride aſſumes,
Glancing Reflections round the ſpacious Rooms;

Souls ſuch as theſe, true Merit never know,
They form their Judgments by external Show:
Should ſome Baboon but ſtrut, bedaub'd with Lace,
Whoſe ſmart Toupee diſplays a *Gallic* Grace;
Whoſe concave Lens aſſiſts his ſtaring Eyes,
And with affected Form the Fair deſcries;
Whoſe high-cockt Hat does a weak Head incloſe,
While tow'ring Heels rack his tormented Toes;
Whoſe Cane and Snuff-Box do alternate ſhine,
Strict to the Rules of foppiſh Diſcipline,
The chatt'ring Vermin they would all careſs,
And hail him firſt in Merit, as in Dreſs.

MARCIA, with innate Greatneſs of the Soul,
Makes ſocial Virtues ev'ry Act controul;
In Life's moſt humble Vale ſhe ſearches round,
And where true Merit's nobleſt Rays abound,

There ſhow'rs her Favours---this more Pleaſure brings
Than e'er from Wealth, or Fame, or Grandeur ſprings.
Thro' human Life ſhe Nature's Laws does ſcan,
And finds this truth---that Merit makes the Man:
She ſcorns each Air a mimic Ape aſſumes,
And ſpies the Jack-daw thro' his borrow'd Plumes.

FRIENDSHIP, that ſocial Source of human Joy,
In MARCIA ſhines without the leaſt Alloy;
The Heav'n-born Flame her ſpotleſs Soul inſpires
With its moſt worthy, true, and laſting Fires:
Her beſt Advice ſhe does as Thoughts impart,
Soft from her Tongue, and melting to the Heart;
Her Manner ſhows how much her Friend ſhe loves,
Who ſpares the Bluſh, and yet their Faults reproves;
Ne'er gives Advice more knowing to appear,
Her ev'ry Sentence proves her Soul ſincere.

In others Praiſe what Elocution flows!
What moving Language picture others Woes!
Friendſhip's exalted Charms with heav'nly Grace
Glow in her Breaſt, and ſmile upon her Face.

Of either Sex what Numbers do blaſpheme,
That much rever'd, that ever ſacred, Name?
Beneath its Sanction direful Ills abound:
And baſe Deceit redoubleth ev'ry Wound:
The Darts of open Foes may miſs their Aim,
And on th'Intendor glance perpetual Shame;
But thoſe whoſe Souls are free from baneful Guile,
Whoſe ſpotleſs Breaſts no Fraud did e'er defile,
Are laid quite open to pretended Friends,
Beneath that Maſk they ſurely gain their Ends;
For ev'ry Heart that from Diſguiſe is clear,
Is free from mean Diſtruſt, or ſervile Fear:

In

In Friendſhip's ſacred Breaſt we oft repoſe
The ſecret Spring of all our Joys and Woes;
No Bliſs is full but that which Friendſhip ſhares,
Increaſing Joys, and baniſhing our Cares;
But when the truſted Fav'rite proves untrue,
What Torture, Racks, and Horror muſt enſue?

O ye bright *Fair*, in whom the Graces join,
Where Virtue, Beauty, Wit engaging ſhine;
Whom bounteous Nature ev'ry Charm has giv'n,
To match the bright Inhabitants of Heav'n,
And with ſuch Sweetneſs blended the whole Frame,
That ſocial VIRTUES are your greateſt Fame;
Who, when Mankind, hot furious Paſſions ſway,
Like a cool Breeze ſhould in their Boſoms play,
Diſpel ſuch Storms, and ſooth their Cares away.

In mazy Life there's one Event ſo great
That Bliſs, or Woe, for ever waits the State;

Where

Where dull Indifference, and mixt languid Joy
Prey on themselves, and Happiness destroy;
Where no cool medium Mortals ever found,
Joys soar on high, or languish on the Ground;
Yet all, by various Paths, one End pursue,
The Knave, the Fool, the Gen'rous, and the True.
Whence dear Content, all blooming, ever springs;
Or dire Remorse with its corrosive Stings:
Many, well-meaning, Happiness may miss;
But ten to one, ne'er plan a Scheme for Bliss;
Fraught with the vicious Follies of the Age,
They loaded pass o'er Life's all fleeting Stage.

* Belinda now unjustly blames her Fate;
She ask'd — good God! she ask'd — a large Estate:
Fortune propitious gave her her desire;
But with no other Charm has bleſt the Squire.

* *Gay.*

His ſordid Soul ne'er forms a gen'rous Thought,
His grov'ling Mind with ev'ry Vice is fraught;
He, midſt ſuperfluous Wealth, is meanly poor,
Curs'd with the fond Deſire of griping more:
Without a Sigh he hears the Poor complain,
And gives them Oaths to mitigate their Pain.
If ſuppliant Merit friendly Aid implore,
He ſternly ſhuts th'inhoſpitable Door;
To all above him a mean cringing Tool;
All, all below him find a Tyrant rule:
Thus Inſolence with Meanneſs ever blends,
One parent Paſſion on their Birth attends.

Av'rice, th'eternal Canker of the Soul,
Does ev'ry good and worthy Act controul:
Age, by Experience, ſhuns each other Crime,
But this encreaſes thro' all fleeting Time.

Great

Great Hoards of Wealth with Av'rice Hand in Hand
Increaſe till Death, which ſticks to the laſt Sand:
A thirſt of Gold not vaſt Poſſeſſions cloy,
Not Heaps on Heaps the Frenzy e'er deſtroy.
O how ſuch ſordid Souls themſelves abuſe!
Drudging thro' Life for what they dare not uſe,
Scorning each Tie, or gen'rous, or humane,
Living and dying Monuments of Shame.

See DORIS, gaily fond of empty Rule,
Weds where both Fop and Coxcomb join the Fool:
Title and Equipage firſt ſway'd her Mind,
And Wealth, and Pow'r, their various Forces join'd;
But thoſe, alas! familiar now appear,
Have loſt their Charms, and doubled ev'ry Care;
While the true ſource, whence Happineſs ſhould flow,
Does with each Moment more deteſted grow.
Short was the time ſhe did the Sway poſſeſs,
And then but govern'd wretched Emptineſs:

Noiſy abroad, like tinkling, ſounding Braſs;
At Home a headſtrong, ſtubborn, ſtupid Aſs;
Not the ſad moving Eloquence of Tears,
The Heart-felt Torture with its anxious Fears,
The kind Reproof, the gentle ſoothing Art,
Complaining Strains, or the free open Heart,
Cou'd make his ſtupid Soul a Folly ſhun;
But blindly led in Ruin's Path he run:
Thus loſt to all the ſocial Joys of Life,
She vainly mourns the hated Name of Wife.
O dread Miſtake! nought now can eaſe her Grief,
But Death, kind Death, the Wretch's laſt Relief.

Souls ſuch as his what furious Torments tear?
Grief, Rage, Remorſe, and pale-fac'd anxious Fear:
To ſuch what Horror Conſcience muſt impart,
When raging Fevers baffle Phyſic's art?
Or dire Diſeaſes by Exceſſes bred,
A loath'd ſick Stomach, or a painful Head;

While hectic Heats their drooping Frames deſtroy,
They but repent the Crimes they can't enjoy,
For ſhould that Pow'r, whom all Mankind adore,
With boundleſs Mercy their loſt Health reſtore,
They wou'd new Follies inſtantly embrace,
And their Example curſe a younger Race.
So when *Jove*'s Thunder rends the concave Skies,
And with the fiery Bolt the Lightning flies,
Each guilty Mortal dreads the threat'ning Rod,
And all in ſuppliant form implore the God;
The Tempeſt o'er they inſtant ceaſe their Cry,
And by their impious Lives the God defy.

O *Doris!* had thy Soul known thoſe dear Charms,
Where ſolid Judgment ev'ry Vice diſarms,
Thou ne'er hadſt been by glitt'ring Nonſenſe won,
Nor, of thy Sex, moſt fatally undone,
Lamenting ever what thou ne'er canſt ſhun.

Much, much I pity poor *Narciſſa*'s Fate,
Forc'd to be wretched only to be great:
Her gentle Soul does high in Merit riſe,
Feels its dear Charms, nor knows the leaſt Diſguiſe:
Hard her dread Fate whoſe Parents awful Sway,
By various Arts, engag'd her to obey;
To give her Hand to him her Soul did ſcorn,
O! better, better, had ſhe ne'er been born:
Jointure, and Settlements ſecurely ſign'd,
The Mind enſlav'd, the baneful Contract bind;
But even he who put Free-will to Sale,
And ſcorn'd, O *Cupid!* thy juſt gen'rous Tale;
Who vainly thought the real Joys of Life
Center'd but in the Trappings of a Wife;
That boundleſs Wealth alone could make her prove
The real Bliſs that flows from mutual Love,
Is greatly curs'd; —— for the deteſting Pair
Double his Sorrows, and encreaſe his Care:

They

They live in one dire Scene of endleſs Strife,
She ſcorns her Tyrant, and he loaths his Wife:
Abroad, at Home, they diff'rent Ends purſue,
To all Heav'n's juſt and ſacred Vows, untrue.
Thus their ſad, wretched, miſerable State,
" Deſtroy Soul, Body, Credit, and Eſtate;
While the repining Wretch, that fix'd the Chain,
Dies with dire Grief; --- *Inexorable Pain!*

Thro' Nature's Works what Harmony unites?
What juſt Proportion the charm'd Eye delights?
Thro' which eternal Goodneſs does diſpenſe
Variety of Charms to pleaſe each Senſe;
All, all alike, their proper Bleſſings ſhare,
From unſeen Inſects to the *Greenland* Bear:
One juſt Propriety runs thro' the whole;
One GOD the Fountain, Source, the Eye and Soul.

Heav'n

Heav'n greatly bounteous, liberal and kind
Grac'd with ſeraphic Charms the human Mind;
Gave it t'employ a ſolitary Hour,
The Soul's great Feaſt, — *A contemplative Pow'r:*
By which divine, all-ſacred, heav'nly Aid,
The paſt and preſent is with juſtneſs weigh'd:
This Thought's great Chaos into Syſtems brings,
Points out Improvement from the ſmalleſt Things:
This wafts Contentment to the honeſt Breaſt,
Whoſe Actions ſhine in white-rob'd Virtue dreſt.
Happy! thrice happy! thoſe dear Moments fly,
When Solitude's the beſt Society.
One ſelf-approving Hour more Pleaſure brings
Than all the Grandeur, Fame, or Wealth of Kings.

Since thus we're bleſt with all that's Good and Great,
That can diffuſe a Joy thro' ev'ry State;

With

With mental Qualities almoſt Divine,
While in juſt REASON's Ray our Actions ſhine;
Let's pleas'd, and pleaſing, its Commands obey,
And joyful follow where it leads the Way;
Nor none preſume in galling Chains to bind
A noble, gen'rous, truly worthy Mind.

The gen'rous *Souls* with nobleſt Virtues ſhine,
An Emanation of the Pow'rs divine;
Thro' mazy Life diffuſe a cheering Ray,
Make Languor ſmile, and the Afflicted gay;
Share more extatick Pleaſure while they give,
Than they e'er feel who gratefully receive:
Yet Gratitude is with it near ally'd;
This a gay Bridegroom, that a chearful Bride;
Who thro' each Scene, alike productive prove
Of calm Content, and univerſal Love.
So genial Heat with ſoft deſcending Show'rs
Awake the vernal Bloom, and paint the Flow'rs,

And from the teeming Womb of Mother Earth
Gives a gay, ſhining, new Creation Birth.

Gen'roſity is to no State confin'd;
Where-e'er it ſhines it elevates the Mind;
None can be great that wants its ſacred Fire,
Nor really mean whom its dear Charms inſpire;
Devoid thereof a Title's but a Name,
Riches and Grandeur Monuments of Shame:
Tho' *Cæſar's* Clemency made him more great
Than all the Trappings of imperial State,
He's far below the good * *Flaminius'* Slave,
Who dy'd himſelf his Maſter's Life to ſave.
Great tho' it is to ſpare a vanquiſh'd Foe,
To free from Chains, and eaſe of direful Woe;
'Tis greater far, does to more Glory tend,
To give one's Life to ſave a worthy Friend.

* During the civil Wars of *Rome*, *Flaminius* being condemn'd by *Antony*, *Phædria* his Slave voluntarily perſonated his belov'd Maſter, and readily dy'd for him.

Who ſmiling Fortune's various Bleſſings ſhare,
And make the ſocial Joys of Life their care;
Who know no Bliſs like that which wafts around
A gen'ral Good, with lib'ral Bounty crown'd;
Who ſearch out Merit in the Vales of Grief,
And found, apply a generous Relief;
Sharing no Eaſe while Poverty's oppreſt,
And yielding healing Balm to the diſtreſt;
Ne'er feeling Envy at another's State,
But calmly glide, contented with their Fate;
Whoſe equal Thoughts ſcorn a deluſive Gloſs,
Both live and die like the good Man of * *Roſs*:
Such are juſt Emblems of the Pow'rs divine;
As with Beneficence their Actions ſhine.

Bleſt with the Will, there are who want the Pow'r,
Juſt, noble, worthy, gen'rous Gifts to ſhow'r;

* See *Pope*'s Epiſtle to *Allen* Lord *Bathurſt*.

Confin'd within their humble, honeſt Sphere,
'Twill thro' each Action of their Lives appear:
From their frank Tongues no buſy Tales e'er riſe,
Produc'd by Scandal, and increas'd with Lies;
No fawning Flattery, no ſervile Hate,
No mean Repining at their low Eſtate;
No fond Ambition to encreaſe their Store
Midſt Fortune's Fools, or the mean Tools of Pow'r:
Their Hearts o'er-flowing at their ſtreaming Eyes
With a Friend's Torture juſtly ſympathize:
And ev'ry Favour that the Gen'rous give,
Their Souls o'er-whelm'd with Gratitude receive.
Theſe pleas'd behold the Haughty, Proud, and Great,
And ſcorn a Vanity that mocks their State;
Smiling ſee Cares in gilded Coaches roll,
While Envy's Snakes all feſter in the Soul.
View yon Expanſe where Globes eternal turn,
Where ſome intenſely freeze, while others burn,

A Rule to them as well we might preſcribe,
As fix a Bound to Avarice or Pride;
For that vain Grandeur which weak Minds careſs,
Corrodes and bitters all that they poſſeſs.
So when Diſeaſes dire Mankind aſſail,
'Gainſt which the various Arts of Phyſic fail,
The Conſtitution is our only Care,
As good, or bad, we hope, or we deſpair;
But in weak Breaſts we're certain ne'er to find
Ought to reſiſt this Fever of the Mind.

O ye bright Sex, forgive my roving Muſe,
Her long Digreſſions, and her Faults excuſe:
Let *Marcia*'s Picture Emulation move;
By her your Deeds, your ev'ry Action prove:
Let *Doris* and *Belinda* make you ſhun
Thoſe Rocks on which Ten Thouſand are undone:

Let Pity move, for poor *Narciſſa*'s Fate,
The tender Tear to mourn her wretched State;
She knew no vain Ambition to be great.

The greateſt Criſis you'll e'er find in Life,
Is in that Moment you commence a Wife;
For then! --- O then! --- in that important Hour
You put yourſelves into another's Pow'r:
On him your Bliſs, and all your Joys depend;
He muſt be Huſband, Father, Brother, Friend.

O! cou'd I in exalted Strains relate
What crowns, with laſting Joys, the married State;
What makes Bliſs flow with an unceaſing Stream,
For ever running, ever ſtill the ſame;
Inraptur'd I'd the arduous Taſk purſue,
Bleſt in thoſe Labours, if approv'd by you.

Love, foremoſt of the ſmiling Train, appears
With winning Graces, and endearing Airs:

Its ſacred Pow'r all ranks, all Nations own,
From the Grand Monarch to the Ruſſet Clown:
Remoteſt Ages has its Laws obey'd,
And the fair Slaves the mighty Conqu'rors ſway'd:
'Twas Love made * *Cymon* quit his Ruſtic Form,
And try of lib'ral Arts th'engaging Charm:
Verſe too it taught in moving Strains to flow,
Where the Soul breathes with energy its Woe:
Hearts meeting Hearts alone true Marriage make,
And juſteſt Sympathy keeps Love awake:
This an unchanging faithful Meaſure keeps,
Smiles with our Joy, and with our Sorrow weeps:
Then Thoughts meet Thoughts, as in their Breaſts they riſe,
Scorn the Tongue's Aid, they read them in the Eyes;
Each riſing Wiſh the other's Care prevents,
And the Completion gen'rous Love cements.
When thus two Souls with mutual Fondneſs join,
Th'exalted Bliſs and Tranſports are divine;

All

* *Dryden.*

All varying Scenes ſtill pleaſe their raviſht Sight
Who in each other find a dear delight:
Each then tranſported, and tranſporting gives
The nameleſs Extaſy that each receives:
They're doubly bleſt who can a Joy impart,
Or eaſe a Care that wounds the others Heart.
Can the Mind form a Bliſs more truly great
Than what ſuch mutual Raptures muſt create?
" All then is full, poſſeſſing, and poſſeſs'd,
" No craving Void left aching in the Breaſt:
Paſſions thus form'd, like mingling Streams, unite,
Flow calmly ſmooth, and exquiſitely bright;
Blend in the Waves, purſue the riſing Tide,
And in a proper Courſe, perpetual glide,
Unerring roll with a ſoft gentle Fall,
Like Death, 'till Ocean grimly ſwallows all.

Numbers of either Sex can never prove
The laſting Joys of gen'rous, honeſt Love:

The gaudy Fops, an empty glitt'ring Race,
Are quick enamour'd of each blooming Face;
Their giddy Flames ſwift in purſuing fly,
Born in a Moment, in a Moment die.
Good-ſenſe will teach you empty Fops to ſhun,
Thoſe Self-admiring Mimickers of Man;
Who prone to Flattery, and fraught with Lies,
Each noble, gen'rous, humane Act deſpiſe.
Theſe a vain Tribe of gay Coquets revere,
Who Dreſs and Scandal make their only Care:
To grace whoſe Forms *Venus* has ſometimes giv'n
External Charms that well might rival Heav'n;
But their mean Airs imblacken ev'ry Grace,
And ſpoil the Beauties of a matchleſs Face:
They're proud, inſulting, ignorant and vain,
And ev'ry worthy Act thro' Life diſdain.
Protect me, Heav'n! from loving ſuch a Toy,
That ſcarcely pleaſes e'er 'tis found to cloy;

That

That like a Bubble in a Sun-gilt Glare,
Is only touch'd, and vaniſhes to Air.
O! chain'd in *Bethel* rather let me dwell,
A raving Madman in a direful Cell,
Than be a Slave to Beauty's empty Form,
Where Wit and Judgment don't endear the Charm.

The baſe, mean, ſordid, avaricious Knave,
Whoſe Wealth's his God, and he its drudging Slave,
Ne'er gives, nor takes, a ſingle Joy in Life,
Curſt in himſelf, but doubly with a Wife.

The proud, ſtiff, ſtern, pedantic, bookiſh Man,
Who by the Sciences would all Things ſcan,
Judges the Fair but as they uſeful prove,
Nor ever feels the gen'rous warmth of Love;
Thinks you, at beſt, but neceſſary Ills,
Devoid of Reaſon's Aid to guide your Wills.

The

The bully'ng, hect'ring, domineering Blade,
With Vices numberleſs by Folly made,
Thinks he's created for deſpotic Sway,
And your bright Sex form'd only to obey;
Holds it moſt mean a ſocial Joy to ſhare,
Nor ever makes your Happineſs his Care.

The drunken Wretch, whoſe nobleſt Talents ſhine
In Tales obſcene o'er the ſwift paſſing Wine;
The ſtupid Sot, from whoſe Lips nothing paſs
But D---me Sir --- poh --- pox --- dont ſtop the Glaſs;
Are form'd t'abuſe the gentle prudent Fair,
To double in their Souls corroding Care,
While Health, Wealth, Pleaſure, vaniſh into Air.
The Glutton lives voraciouſly to eat,
And all his Soul but deifies good Meat:
Theſe dig their Graves, emaciate their whole Frame,
Are ſcorn'd thro' Life, and leave an odious Name.

See the brute World, by Inſtinct greatly wiſe,
Embrace the Joys of Senſe with eager Eyes;
Yet they but take what Nature's Wants require,
Nor know beyond Sufficiency Deſire:
Bluſh, bluſh, ye Gluttons, and ye drunken Crew,
Taught by the Beaſts, a nobler End purſue.

Shun Souls like theſe, as you wou'd ſhun your Fate,
Be theſe th'eternal Object of your Hate:
And in a Lover's Form ſhould Graces meet,
Genteelly gay, and complaiſantly ſweet,
Make ſure, ye Fair, his Mind enlighten'd ſhine,
That Senſe and Reaſon ev'ry Thought refine,
When theſe dear Charms are with Good-nature crown'd,
Endearing Joys keep a perpetual Round:
Theſe great Perfections, whereſoe'er they blend,
Make a true Part'ner, and a ſocial Friend:

Without

Without their Aid all other Charms will fly
Like fleeting Shadows to the dazzled Eye,
Grow common, languiſh, and expiring dye.

He in the Path 'twixt all Extremes ſhou'd run,
Alike baſe Av'rice, and Profuſion ſhun:
Riches, tho' vaſtly great, and tow'ring high,
Wing'd on Extravagance, will ſwiftly fly,
And in their Paſſage wound the nobleſt Part,
Debauch the Morals, and betray the Heart:
Oeconomy with Induſtry does blend,
Embrace each other as a ſocial Friend;
In theſe conſiſt the trueſt Joys of Senſe,
Inſuring Peace, and pleaſing Competence;
Gen'rous to all, to all diſcreetly kind,
Each Deed ſhou'd prove his elevated Mind:
His Converſation muſt be ſure to be
Alike from Pride, and Affectation free;

Furniſh'd with Hints from each inſtructive Page,
Learn'd in himſelf, --- no Novice to the Age.
If Heav'n his Tongue with Eloquence inſpire,
Or touch his Soul with its *Poetic* Fire;
If Philoſophic Thoughts employ his Care,
Or Muſick's Sound enchants his raviſh'd Ear,
Theſe will adorn Life's ev'ry empty Space,
And riſe refulgent with peculiar Grace.
So the fair Flow'rs in a bright Garden ſhine,
Adorn the Plat, and make the Scene divine;
Their Native Beauty ev'ry Senſe regales,
And fragrant Odours ev'ry Breath inhales.

Soft Love inſpir'd by Qualities like theſe
Does in each various Shape, unchanging pleaſe,
In juſteſt Reaſon fix its laſting Root,
From either Heart does equal Fondneſs ſhoot;
Amuſements, Wiſhes, and Deſires agree,
Bound to each other, in each other free.

Thus,

Thus, undeſign'd, it ſometimes is inſpir'd,
And all the Soul with Joys extatic fir'd:
Their mutual Thoughts, and Notions are the ſame,
Yet each ſtill thinks 'tis only Friendſhip's Flame;
Till the ſoft Sigh, and ſympathetic Glow,
The heaving Breaſts, and darting Eyes do ſhow
They might, with mutual Extaſy, enjoy
Thoſe Heav'nly Raptures that can never cloy.

Paſſions thus bred are of eternal Date,
Nor end but with the direful Stroke of Fate.
When Ocean ſtagnates, and Tides ceaſe to flow,
When *Zembla*'s free from hoary Froſt and Snow;
Beneath the torrid Zone when Winter reigns,
And Fountains riſe on *Libya*'s deſart Plains;
When Comets in Ellipſes ceaſe to run,
And in their cold Aphelions kiſs the Sun;
When the revolving Globes their Motions ceaſe,
And jarring Elements are huſh'd to Peace;

When

When Snow-top'd *Alps* with sultry *Andes* join,
And thou stand'st still, — O ever-fleeting *Time!*
When Nature's great Extremes united move,
And baneful Discord wed harmonious Love;
When Wit with Folly, Truth and Falshood blind,
And Vice and Virtue to one Center tend;
When thus we find eternal Truth remove,
Then, and then only, such can cease to love.

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